The Baltimore Weekly Magazine.

For ev'ry palate is our Banquet fit ;
Replete with Morals, Hiſt'ry, News & Wit.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1800.

THE "BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE" is this day again brought into exiſtence—for its long ſuſpenſion I very reſpectfully beg the pardon of my ſubſcribers, at the ſame time that I return them my thanks for the foſtering hands which ſtill appear willing to ſupport the inſtitution—but theſe are nothing but profeſſions, you will ſay—Methinks I hear you aſking for the continuation of "Jack Smith," "Jack Martin," "Schabraco," "Ildegerte," &c. but patience, indulgent reader! they will come in good time; and by turning over and examining theſe few pages, you will find a continuation of ſome part of the ſtories, with many other things informing and amuſing.

HUGE NOSE.

A correſpondent has ſent me an account of a very curious Noſe, ſituated on the face of a venerable gentleman, living not more than an hundred miles from Baltimore—if the ſtory was told in good language, and the ideas original, it might ſerve to diſſipate the ſplenetic humor of ſome of my readers; but it is principally borrowed from Sterne's famous Noſe of Straſburgh.

I have in my poſſeſſion an enigmatical liſt of *Old Maids!* O horrid! every one will cry—

"*Tell it not in Gath,*
"*Nor let the ſound reach Aſkelon.*"

I dare not publiſh it—old maids are generally very vindictive; independent of this, however, it is improper to expoſe the age of the ladies.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Are you a tradeſman? Get married: a wife will be an additional inducement to diligence in your calling, and the diligent hand maketh rich; you will have fewer temptations to ſpend your earnings fooliſhly, and the time which might be otherwiſe idly ſquandered, and which is more valuable than money, will be agreeably paſſed in her ſociety. Are you a farmer? Get married: a wife is cheaper than a houſe-keeper, her induſtry will aſſiſt you many ways, and your children will ſoon ſhare and lighten your labor. Take her to thy boſom: Her preſence will ſtimulate thy induſtry, and her ſmiles reward thy labor: Her activity and neatneſs will render thy abode delightful, and thy heart will be gladdened at the ſight of thy home: When thy nerves are racked with anguiſh, when the infirmities of age ſhall enfeeble thy frame, ſhe will watch over thy ſlumbers, and prevent thy wiſhes with the aſſiduity of unabated affection; her piety and faith will awaken and confirm thy own, and the children of your children ſhall riſe up and call you bleſſed.

I reſpectfully ſolicit the attention of thoſe iron-hearted maſters, who hold in "durance vile," the ſons of Africa, to peruſe the following from the pen of R. Southey—It is ſtiled

"*The Patient Negro.*"

OH he is worn with toil! the big drops run
Down his pale cheek; hold—hold thy mercileſs hand,
Pale tyrant! for beneath thy hard command
O'erwearied Nature ſinks. The ſcorching ſun,
As pitileſs as proud Proſperity,
Darts on him his full beams; gaſping he lies
Arraigning with his looks the patient ſkies
While that inhuman trader lifts on high
The mangling ſcourge. Oh ye who at your eaſe
Sip the blood-ſweeten'd beverage!—tho'ts like theſe
Haply ye ſcorn: I thank thee, gracious God!
That I do feel upon my cheek the glow
Of indignation, when beneath the rod
A ſable brother writhes in ſilent woe.

On Atheiſm.

"The univerſe is not the neceſſary and independent being," ſaid Plato; "you imagine, hearing me ſpeak, that I have an intelligent ſoul. Look on the order of the univerſe, and you will conclude, there is a ſupreme intelligence."

Can any thing proceed from nothing? Something exiſts; therefore it has been created by a power that does not depend on any cauſe.

Then neceſſarily there exiſts a ſole being, who holds his exiſtence of himſelf alone.

ON DESPOTISM.

WHEN the savages of Louisiana want fruit, they cut the tree down from the bottom, and then gather it. This is the image which the illustrious Montesquieu employs to give his opinion of a despotic government.

To know to what degree despotism debases those it has subjected, we should turn our attention to the conduct of the favourites of the princes of Asia.

Isachan, uncle to Schah Sefy, king of Persia, had three sons that he was excessively fond of. The woman who had borne them to him, was daughter to Schah Abas. The reigning prince Schah Sefy was much attached to her, and frequently passed many hours in her company, on account of her vivacity and gaiety. In one of their conversations she took the liberty of joking with him, by saying she was astonished, that notwithstanding the number of fine women he possessed, he had not yet a child, while she had three by her husband. The king replied, he was still young, and he had sufficient time to obtain heirs. She answered, that a land badly ploughed, never produced well, and added, she feared after his death they would be obliged to have recourse to one of her children.

The king, although much piqued at this discourse, disguised his anger, and took leave of her.

The next day, he ordered his three cousins to be brought into the garden, and there to be beheaded. At dinner time he had the three heads put in a golden bason with a cover; he then sent for the mother, and in her presence took the heads out one after the other by the nose out of the bason, and said, "*here are the children of a prolific mother.*" The princess at this horrid sight remained motionless; but observing in the king's countenance a rising fury, which prognosticated similar treatment for her, she prostrated herself on the ground, kissed the king's feet, and said, "*you have acted nobly, the Lord preserve our king's life!!!*"

After this submission he told her to depart, and sent for the father, to whom he asked if the sight pleased him? Isachan replied, "*it did not displease him; and that if the king had expressed a desire for his children's heads, he would have brought them himself!!!* A few months after he shared the same fate as his children.

In the history of Cambyse king of Persia, we find an anecdote nearly similar to the preceding one.

Cambyse was much addicted to the use of wine. A favourite of his, named Prexaspes, one day told him, that the people found fault with his drinking so much. "I will prove to you," replied Cambyse, "that wine neither deprives me of judgment or address." To which end, after having drank more than ordinary, he had his favourite's child brought to him; he commanded it to be tied to a tree, and then turning to the father, he said, "*If I pierce your son's heart with this arrow, you will have no reason to say I am wrong to drink so much.*" Having said this, he immediately drew upon the child and shot it through the heart. The infamous mean favourite forgetting his cause for grief, loaded the tyrant with praises for his address.

The Roman Senate, during the reign of Domitian, were, mean enough to suffer their authorities to be debased, by pronouncing a decree relative to cooking.

Domitian regulated his most interesting concerns without the assistance of the senate; and such was the contempt in which he held those who composed it, that he once convoked them to decide in what vessel a monstrous large turbot, which had been presented to him should be cooked. This important affair was examined very gravely by the senators. They could not find any earthen vessel sufficiently large for the purpose; as such it was proposed that the fish should be cut to pieces; this advice was rejected. After much deliberation, it was decided that a vessel should be made on purpose; and it was decreed, that whenever the emperor went to war, he should have a number of potters in his suite.

The most pleasant circumstance in the whole of this proceeding was, that a blind senator said he was delighted to *see* such a turbot, and during the time the senate sat, he did not cease praising it, keeping his eyes fixed on the side where the fish was not.

DISQUISITION ON PATRIOTISM.

——————————What pity is it,
That we can die but once to serve our country!
ADDISON.

IT is the opinion of many, that self love is the grand impelling spring in the human machine. This sentiment is either utterly false, or the principle, as displayed in some actions, becomes so exceedingly refined, as to merit a much more engaging name. For, if the man, who weeps in secret for the miseries of others, and privately tenders relief; who sacrifices his ease, his property, his health, his reputation, and even his life, to save his country, be actuated by self love; it is a principle inferior only to that, which prompted the Saviour of the world to die for man; and is but another name for perfect disinterestedness.

Patriotism, whether we reflect upon the benevolence which gives it birth, the magnitude of its object, the happy effects which it produces, or the height to which it exalts the human character, by the glorious actions of which it is the cause, must be considered as the noblest of all the social virtues. The patriot is influenced by love for his fellow men, and an ardent desire to preserve sacred and inviolate their natural rights. His philanthropic views, not confined to the small circle of his private friends, are so extensive, as to embrace the liberty and happiness of a whole nation.—That he may be instrumental under heaven to maintain and secure these invaluable blessings to his country, he devotes his wealth, his fame, his life, his all; glorious sacrifice! what more divine!

To the honour of humanity, the histories of almost every age and nation are replete with examples of this godlike character. Every period of the world has afforded its heroes and patriots; men who could soar above the narrow views & grovelling principles, which actuate so great a part of the human species, and drown every selfish consideration in the love of their country. But we need not advert to the annals of other ages and nations, as the history of our own country points with so much pleasure, veneration, and gratitude, to the illustrious WASHINGTON. Before him the heroes of antiquity, shorn of their beams, like stars before the rising sun, hide their heads with shame. Uniting in his own character, the courage and enterprising spirit of *Hannibal*, the prudent wisdom of *Fabius*, the disinterest-

edneſs of *Cincinnatus*, and the virtues and military talents of the *Scipios*, he could not fail to ſucceed in the glorious undertaking of giving liberty and happineſs to a people who dared to be free. Whilſt he lived, he proved a rich bleſſing to his country, a bright example to the dawning patriotiſm of the old world, the terror of deſpotiſm, and the delight and admiration of all mankind.

ANECDOTE FOR THE LADIES.

AT Chapel, as two Ladies ſat,
And paſs'd their time in pleaſing chat,
The Devil, who's always on the lurch,
Behind ſuch people in a Church,
In ſhort-hand way, with pencil'd marks,
Took down the words of theſe two ſparks
On parchment ſkin, and when the roll
Would hold no more, it was ſo full
His Devilſhip began to pull
And ſtretch it with his teeth, which failing,
He knock'd his head againſt the railing.
The Prieſt, he laugh'd, tho' then at Maſs;
To ſee the Devil ſuch an aſs,
To think that parchment-roll, or e'en a ſkin,
Could hold two women's chat, when they begin

SHANDY.

THE ADVANTAGES OF ADVERSITY.

BY A LADY.

"Though perils did
Abound as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms as horrid; yet my virtue,
As doth a rock againſt the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break;
And ſtand unſhaken."

SHAKESPEARE.

WE are the inheritors of ſorrow; and he who has not felt that, knows not the native grandeur of his ſoul. It is not, when reclining on the voluptious couch of proſperity, that we feel we are more than earth; it is when adverſity drags us from the blandiſhment of pleaſure, that the immortal ſpirit within us exerts her power, revealing, to our aſtoniſhed eyes, the gorgeous magnificence of the ſplendid world, in all its intrinſic littleneſs and folly; and, leading us into the rugged path of life, ſhews us how to prove ourſelves worthy immortality, by undauntedly combating the oppoſing powers of vice, malice and misfortune. The ſatellites of riches naturally tend to harden the heart, and make it indifferent to the happineſs of any but itſelf. Led early in life to the gay garden of pleaſure, where a bright ſun forever blazes in the ſky; where nature and art unite in cloſeſt concord to render the ſcene beautiful and bewitching to the ſenſes: the magnificent ſtores of the eaſt are poured before them; the moſt ſumptuous garments of the world are thrown at their feet; their board is loaded with the moſt delicious viands, ſerved in diſhes of refulgent gold and ſilver; Arabia wafts her moſt ſpicy gales to revive them, and harmony warbles her moſt entrancing ſounds to ſoothe them into reſt; they feel of a race ſuperior to their ortune; and, ſwelled with her "highblown pride," they ſpurn the ſupplicating ſon of milery from their gates. They have not an idea of his ſorrows, therefore they know not how to pity them. But let him turn from the manſion of "ſwilled inſolence," to that of temperance & misfortune; there will he find the ſoftened ſoul of a brother ready to ſympathiſe in his woes, and to pour the aſſuaging balm of comfort into his breaking heart.

A man thus rendered poor by the miſchances of life, and unhappy by the unkindneſs and ingratitude of thoſe who ſtiled themſelves his friends, ſtruggles againſt the ſtorm——if he has a wife or children to protect—till, overcome with exertion, he ſinks into the arms of his maker, a martyr to his affection and virtue. But, if he be alone on the earth, he retires to ſome deep ſolitude; and there, in the converſation of his books and heaven, he hears the words of the dead applaud him for his ſecluſion from the temptations of a diſhonourable world; religion will ſhed her glories around his head; and meliorating his mind to a penſive reſignation, will ſublime his ſoul to ſuch a purity, that when he dies, all he has to reſign on earth, is breath. This mild compoſure of the mind, is what Beattie means when he exclaims—

Ah! what is mirth, but turbulence unholy;
When with the charm compar'd, of heavenly melancholy!

On her ſoft boſom, penſive Queen, the widowed matron reſts her ſorrowing head; thou heareſt her earneſt vows of faithful widowhood; thou wipeſt the ſcalding tears from her ſad eyes, and ſootheſt her into peace. To thee, alſo flies the unhappy maid, who breathes a hopeleſs love, wandering amid the mazes of ſolitude, far from the world, and the dear object of her fond affection, ſhe ſubjugates the wild agonies of her paſſion to thy mild influence; a tender philanthopy fills her breaſt; by rendering others happy, ſhe heals the bleeding wounds of her lacerated earth! Though, ſome times, the ſigh of tender recollection will heave her boſom; a tear to her luckleſs fate will tremble in her eye; and her diſappointed heart ſicken at the illuſive happineſs of the world; yet, in the ſhades of retirement, ſhe breathes the prayer of reſignation; becomes the protectreſs of the afflicted; and dies the death of a ſaint. Thus "Virtue is like ſome perfumes, which are moſt fragrant when burnt or bruiſed; for proſperity beſt diſcovers vice, but adverſity, virtue."

A droll advertiſement occurs in the early folio edition of The Tatler, "Any gentleman that wants a man for ſhooting, hunting, fetting, *or any manner of game*, may hear of one well qualified, at the printing preſs in Little Britain. He is *a good ſcholar and ſwims well.*"

A gentleman lately croſſing a narrow bridge in Jerſey, which was not railed on either ſide to ſecure paſſengers from falling, ſaid to a countryman whom he met, "I think this narrow cauſeway muſt be very dangerous, my honeſt friend; Pray, are not people loſt here ſometimes?" "Loſt! no, Sir," replied the man "I never knew any body loſt here in my life; here have been *ſeveral drowned* indeed, but they were *always found* again."

A country gentleman, walking in his Garden, ſaw his gardner aſleep in the arbour—"what," ſays he, "aſleep, inſtead of at work, you idle dog, you are not worthy the ſun ſhould ſhine on you." "I am truly ſenſible of my unworthineſs," anſwered the man, "and therefore I laid myſelf down in the *ſhade*."

FOR THE BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE

HISTORY OF JACK MARTIN.

CONTINUED.

IN my laſt communication to you, reſpecting Jack Martin, I gave an account of his departure from Boſton *a la mode Francois*, and of his being on his paſſage to Richmond—It is neceſſary here to note that Jack had by this time become ſo attached to the occupation to which he had ſerved his apprenticeſhip, that any thing which tended in the leaſt that way, he eagerly graſped at. Ill fated youth! born to contend with the ſtorms of adverſity in almoſt every ſhape, without talents competent to the fate aſſigned you, how cou'd it be otherwiſe than that your heroic deeds ſhould be miſconſtrued? May the ſtriplings of the day profit by your misfortunes, whilſt they admire your daring ſpirit of enterpriſe—But to my ſtory.—After a ſtormy paſſage (always conſequent from a contraband load) Jack arrived at his port of deſtination, congratulating himſelf on his lucky eſcape from the dangers of a priſon and the dangers of "the mighty waters;" on his landing, however, ſome little difficulty occurred between him and the captain of the veſſel, for it ſeems, Jack in his *hurry* in leaving his native place, had *forgot* to furniſh himſelf with caſh ſufficient to defray his paſſage—conſequently the commander of the veſſel found ſome difficulty in reconciling this *deficit* to his firſt principle (intereſt); but conſidering that it would be uſeleſs to proſecute him in his preſent indigent circumſtances, particularly as Jack informed him that his buſineſs at Richmond was for the purpoſe of ſpeculating in a certain *black* article, by purchaſing on credit (for as I before obſerved, he was uniformly attached to any thing in the leaſt reſembling his trade, which the reader may remember was the *black art**). Having reconciled the captain by promiſes, he proceeded through the town, minutely examining every nook and corner, in order that he might find a place moſt proper for him to take up his abode in. After various turnings and windings through the different ſtreets, lanes and alleys, he at length took up his lodging in convenient brothel, from whence, fox-like, he might make a convenient ſortie, and again retire without obſervation. At firſt he confined himſelf to enſnaring the unwary of evenings, by inveigling them into taverns and *genteely pidgeoning* them; but after a little while, having *fobbed* ſome trifling caſh, he ventured abroad in the day time, and mixed with the more reſpectable part of mankind. He, however, for a conſiderable time carefully avoided the wharves, as he was apprehenſive that his old *friend*, the captain, ſhould he meet him, might be inclined to become *too familiar*! In a few weeks this terror wore off, and Jack now and then would take a lounging walk around the docks, for the purpoſe (in Jacks' humorous phraſe) of *roufing game*. In one of theſe ſaunters it was the youth's good fortune to meet with a perſon who had in his poſſeſſion a large quantity of certain JETTY pieces of wood, (which it is ſuppoſed had been purpoſely *ſcorched* by fire) that he wiſhed to diſpoſe of; he made an offer; Jack did not long heſitate about the price, and the bargain was ſtruck—the payment was demanded, and the now aſpiring boy, drew out an order on a creditable houſe in Philadelphia—the vender ſcrupled not at the mode of pay deviſed, when he conſidered, and was well acquainted with the reſpectability of the perſons on whom the note was drawn; but ſcandalous to relate, the impudent merchants in Philadelphia denied the right of Martin to draw on them; the owner of the *black articles* on receiving this information, very *ignorantly* imagined that the hero of this tale wiſhed to *ſwindle* him, and had an intention of arreſting Jack, but very fortunately the youth *ſmack'd* the deſign and thinking that

"*He that* cheats *and runs away,*
"*May live to* cheat *another day,*"

Very wiſely decamped *ſans ceremonie*, bending his way, by water, towards the largeſt city in Maryland—where for the preſent I ſhall leave him, reſerving his various wonderful performances thereafter for another day.

* JACK's nits, in fact, were all black.

FOR THE BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

CHILD OF PALLAS.

IN noticing this work, I do not wiſh it to be underſtood that I entertain the leaſt ill-nature againſt the author, for really he is unknown to me—yet ſo much was I diſappointed in my expectations of its typographical excellence, and the diſplay of good taſte and judgement in the original and ſelected matter of which it is compiled, that I cannot forbear venting my diſapprobation through the medium of the "*Baltimore Weekly Magazine.*" I muſt acknowledge that the addreſs is couched in eaſy and winning terms, and tends to give to the reader a favorable idea of the Editor; yet when with ſuch an impreſſion, I proceed to the examination of the ſubject matter, I feel a peculiar diſguſt from the "*falling off.*" Although the Editor does not appear as the immediate author of "The Jumper," yet it may be fairly inferred that he gave it his approbation, conſequently he is in ſome meaſure anſwerable for the correctneſs of the language and juſtneſs of the remarks; waving, however, this poſition, the production in queſtion appears to my mind puerile in the extreme; the VULGARISMS deſcanted on are unworthy the notice of the philologer, becauſe the reader who has ſufficient comprehenſion to underſtand the intention of the piece, has certainly information equal to the knowledge that theſe words are improper, and only in vogue among the loweſt orders of ſociety; and unleſs the writer intends to correct the language of ſtews and brothels, his work is fruitleſs and unavailing;—in conjunction with theſe paltry criticiſms is a kind of tale, which, to uſe the language of ſportſmen, is certainly "a dead match" for them; in fact it is enough to diſguſt the taſte of the moſt proſtituted palate. One thing in particular aſtoniſhes me in the effuſions of this writer, which is, the remark that the word "TOUR" ſhould be incorporated into our language—monſtrous notion! the idea is worthy of Noah Webſter. But mark, reader, this word is totally unknown in the New-England States! What, then, I ſuppoſe our ſouthern clime is noted for ſuch ſpurious expreſſions!

Cloſe upon the heels of this diverting "Jumper," follows a piece of equal merit, ſimilar in object, but of more determined tone—the intention of it may be good, yet its execution will not even juſtify an obſervation—the author certainly has ideas, but alas! he cannot comprehend them.

What ſhall I ſay with regard to the delicacy of expreſſion obſerved in this work—in "Extracts from Memoranda," I notice the following obſervation—"Mrs. M. keeps the genteeleſt ————* in the city"—Well might the Editor ſay in his Proſpectus that "ſhe hopes to become a little CLOSET Companion"—for indeed it will require a "Cloſet," doubly barred and bolted, to hide the bluſh of the virtuous female that may chance to read it—but, perchance it may "ſlily convey the moral to the heart"—yet it muſt be a corrupt moral, and the heart that can be moralized by ſuch a expreſſion, muſt be guilty indeed.

The humor of the work is fully diſplayed in the anecdote of "John Dine," and the comical queries it has propoſed!—Enough, however, for the preſent; perhaps hereafter I may take more particular notice of this debaſed offspring of PALLAS. G.

* *I refer the reader to the original for the words omitted.*

(I feel conſiderable repugnance in ſuffering the above piece to appear in the Magazine—willing, however, to convince any gentleman who may furniſh me with his remarks, critical or explanatory, provided ſcurrility is avoided, I have a diſpoſition to oblige, it has found a place.)

EDRIC OF THE FOREST.

[A ROMANCE.]

In humbleſt, ſimpleſt habit clad,
Nor wealth, nor power had he:
Wiſdom and worth were all he had,
But theſe were all to me.

HIS perſon was well formed, tall and elegant; his manners graceful, and countenance lovely; the bright rays of intellectual ſpirit ſhone from his large hazel eyes, and beamed with benevolence, truth, and honor. Such were the endowments of Edric the Orphan, when received into the family of Lord Dunſerne, a dependant upon the Earl's bounty; and while his ſoul revolted againſt the ſtate of dependence he was ſubmitting to live in, love, gratitude, and his native ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, prevented his departure from the caſtle.

It had been his fortune, while fiſhing one day in his early years, to ſave the life of the Lady Eleanor, who paſſing inſautiouſly over the natural bridge that was formed by interwoven branches of trees acroſs the brook, miſſed her footing and was plunged into the ſtream. Edric bore her from the water to Dunſerne Caſtle, where, from that period, he became a welcome viſitant. The death of his father, an aged peaſant, now threw Edric upon the wide world, at the tender inexperienced age of fifteen. The Earl, remindful of his former ſervices, offered his protection, an offer which the grateful tenderneſs of Lady Eleanor induced him to accept, and he became an inmate of the Caſtle.

Previous to his death, Walter the peaſant gave into the hands of Edric a ſmall dirk, the hilt of which was emboſſed in a curious manner. "My dear boy," ſaid he, throwing his feeble arms around him, "this is all I have to bequeſt you:—pray Heaven you may never make uſe of it for the dreadful purpoſe by which it came into my poſſeſſion. Edric, you are not my ſon! Years have diſſolved all my tender connections, and the remnant of my days were devoted to this ſolitude, when chance threw you in my way.—Wandering one day through the deepeſt receſſes of a neighboring foreſt, I heard a faint cry of diſtreſs. As I never walked unarmed, I haſtened without apprehenſion, to the ſpot, and found a ſoldier of no mean appearance, yet with the ferocity of the moſt ſavage ruffian, piercing the helpleſs boſom of an infant with this dirk. I inſtantly fired; the wretch fell, and ſnatching the child, weltering as it was in blood, from the ground, fled with it to my hut. By applying healing herbs I ſoon mitigated the anguiſh of the wound, and had the happineſs to ſee a fine boy thrive beneath my care. Need I ſay my Edric lived to repay me for the trifling trouble, by his tender, his affectionate attentions!"

The youth, affected, fell on the boſom of his more than father, and ſobbed his thanks. The old man continued—

"Nature ſhudders to repeat the ſurmiſes I formed. The myſtery of your fate is yet unravelled, and it will be moſt prudent in you to avoid an inveſtigation, which Providence, for the wiſeſt purpoſes, may endeavor to conceal. This dirk, and the deep ſcar you ſtill bear upon your breaſt, may one day diſcover you to your parents: till then, the bleſſing of an old man hovers over you. Perſevere in the paths of virtue and you will one day receive your reward."

He ſighed deeply, and falling back on his pillow, expired.—In the ſincerity of undiſſembled grief, Edric mourned his loſs; but the greeting ſmiles of Lady Eleanor, after a while, diſperſed his melancholy reflections, and the kindneſs of the earl ſoothed him to tranquility. The refined manners of the former tempered the wild hardneſs he had acquired in ſecluded education, and the Earl's fund of knowledge, literary and practical was imparted to the wondering Edric, who found a new world of ſcience burſt upon him at once; yet his emulation increaſed in proportion to the difficulties that ſeemed likely to obſtruct his progreſs; and the Earl found it much eaſier to excite ardor in a ſenſible mind, than to repreſs it when excited. In proportion as his underſtanding expanded, his impatience of independence increaſed, and one only conſideration detained him at the Caſtle; this was a paſſion, which had daily acquired additional force in his mind, for the beauteous Lady Eleanor, and which was returned on her ſide, with equal warmth, kindled by gratitude, and cheriſhed by the merit of the object of her heart. The Earl perceived it, and condemned his own want of caution for mutually expoſing them to the dangerous ſociety of each other. His niece was ſcarce leſs dear to him than his orphan protegee; but a fatal promiſe obliged him to fruſtrate all their enthuſiaſtic and romantic dreams of happineſs. He ſent for the youth, and extending his hand to him, while tears of tenderneſs ſtarted into his eyes, he told him he muſt no longer conſider Dunſerne Caſtle as his home. "I know," he continued, "you love my Eleanor; and it pains me to ſtate the objections I am unwillingly forced to make. Her father the Baron Villency, was a man of high pride and anceſtry. At his death he committed to my care, with a ſolemn injuction never to unite her fate with one of inferior rank and fortune. This promiſe I muſt fulfil; but my Edric ſhall not be abandoned: ſhe owes you her life, and it would be but a poor return to ſend you an outcaſt from thoſe gates which have ſo long, to the ſatisfaction of their owner, incloſed you. Your country calls for your ſervices: I will ſend you out a ſoldier of fortune, and heaven ſend your arm may be ſucceſsful, when raiſed in defence of virtue."

Edric ſtood ſome time mute with aſtoniſhment, grief and indignation. At length he replied—"My Lord, your words have cut me to the ſoul; they ſeem to reproach me with a treachery, which I would abhor. I own, hitherto ignorant of your engagements, and unthinking of the diſtinction fortune has made between us, I have dared aſpire to the lovely Eleanor, as the only bleſſing this world could afford:—that denied me, I ſcorn all further aid. I am not a mercenary; no bribe could tempt me to act otherwiſe than my innate ſenſe of rectitude directs, or make me more aſſiduous in the performance of my duty. I am already more your debtor than I can ſupport, and the weight of accumulated obligation preſſes heavy upon my ſpirits. I will depart, my Lord. Suffer me only one farewell view of her I muſt ever adore, and I bid adieu to Dunſerne Caſtle for ever."

Lord Dunſerne embraced him tenderly, and felt himſelf unable to oppoſe any of his reſolutions: he granted his requeſt, and at the feet of Eleanor, Edric poured forth his uninterrupted vows of unſhaken fidelity, which were reiterated by her, who vowed to live for him alone. The interview becoming at length too painful on all ſides, they were obliged to part. Edric buckled on his dirk, and after being prevailed on to accept a ſword of conſiderable value, from the armoury of the Earl, departed.

He wandered to the borders, and was readily received a volunteer into the forces of Sir John Cope, who had then the command of a large body, attempting to ſubdue the Scottiſh rebels, who, in the year 1745, gave England ſo much alarm. He ſignalized himſelf with the greateſt bravery in ſeveral ſkirmiſhes, when the unfortunate defeat of the forces, in which that brave commander loſt his life, threatened him with a ſimilar fate. He fought with a deſparation that baffled all the efforts of the enemy to ſubdue him; till exhauſted by fatigue and want of reſt, he ſunk inſenſible to all around him, upon the earth, and was left for dead among the ſlain. A lethargic ſtupor ſucceeded his fainting fit, from which he awoke refreſhed, but weak and famiſhed. The ſhades of night were falling faſt, and he roused himſelf to eſcape from ſuch a ſcene of horror as was preſented to his opening eyes. His clothes were wet with the blood of thoſe who had fallen beſide him, and the groans of the dying were heard from every corner of this deſolated ſpot.

A light, glimmering through ſome diſtant trees, kindled a faint ray of hope in his cheerleſs breaſt, and as well as his feeble ſtrength would admit, he crawled towards it. Upon a nearer approach, he found it proceeded from the turrets of a Caſtle; but the darkneſs of the night deceived him, and made the diſtance appear much leſs than it was in reality. Knowing his life depended upon his reaching the deſtined ſpot, he exerted himſelf to the utmoſt, and arrived at the gate juſt as he felt a cold faintneſs come over him, and he had but juſt time to ſound the large bell ere he relapſed into inſenſibility. Upon reviving, he found himſelf in a magnificent bed, ſurrounded by a number of well-dreſſed domeſtics, who attended him with the utmoſt aſſiduity.

As ſoon as he was a little recovered from his extreme illneſs, Edric begged to be acquainted with the name of his hoſpitable entertainer, and learned from the ſervants that he was now in the Caſtle of the Baron Waldec, a foreigner of diſtinction, who had reſided for many years in a remote caſtle in Cumberland. An ill ſtate of health under which the Baron labored, hitherto prevented his perſonal attendance, but hoped ſoon the amendment of the invalid would give him an opportunity of making his congratulations. Edric longed impatiently to be introduced to one, who had with ſo much politeneſs diſcharged the offices of humanity; and as ſoon as returning convalſcence permitted, waited on the Baron in his apartment.

Upon being firſt conducted into the room, Waldeck half aroſe, but the debilitated ſtate of his limbs obliged him again to reſeat himſelf, and he pointed with an air of complacency, to a chair beſide his own. His countenance was pale and emaciated, but his features were regular, and poſſeſſed a look of mild benevolence, ſuffering under an accumulation of misfortunes, that ſtrongly intereſted Edric, whoſe ſympathizing heart was ever open to diſtreſs. This firſt interview was ſo mutually pleaſing, that they agreed frequently to repeat it; and in a ſhort time they became moſt intimate friends. The Baron expreſſing ſome curioſity concerning him, Edric, as far as he could with prudence, gratified him; and Waldeck, in his turn, ſeemed deſirous to place a reciprocal confidence in him.

"The preſent infirmities I labor under," ſaid he to him one day, "are not thoſe incident to age, or an impaired conſtitution; they are the effects of acute ſufferings; miſeries that admit of no alleviation."—He pauſed and ſighed; then continued.—"This ſpot is endeared to me by a variety of tender ſcenes, and the moſt heinous crimes are imputed to me by calumniators, with whom I am now, and ſhall probably ever remain, unacquainted."

Thus encouraged, Edric urged to be further acquainted with the ſtory of his new friend. The Baron graſped his hand—"Spare me" he cried, "a recital ſo painful to my feelings: yet you may eſſentially ſerve me, if you are ſo willing:—have you courage?"—Edric bluſhed at this unſeemly queſ-

"You may, probably, defy mortal proweſs," ſaid Waldeck; "but are you ſo wholly diveſted of weak prejudices as to dare to cope with ſupernatural powers?"

Edric, unacquainted with ſuperſtition, otherwiſe than by name, readily aſſented to do whatever he might deem neceſſary; at the ſame time a faint doubt aroſe in his mind, that ſome treachery might be intended; yet the apparent openneſs of the Baron, and the conſciouſneſs of his own inſignificance, ſoon eradicated all his ſcruples; and the hope of benefitting one who had been ſo generous towards him, ſoon determined him, and he renewed his offers of aſſiſtance with increaſing warmth.

"You have to learn, then" ſaid the Baron, "that the left wing of the caſtle is reported to be haunted; noiſes and uncommon appearances have certainly been witneſſed by my ſervants; in conſequence of which, and ſome domeſtic troubles, my reputation has been materially injured. I have myſelf watched repeatedly at night, but never been able to diſcover any thing ſatisfactory; and however contrary to my judgment, I am obliged to coincide in the general opinion. I labor under a ſtigma the moſt diſtreſſing to a mind really innocent, and am almoſt inclined to wiſh for death as a relief to my unmerited misfortune."

[To be continued.]

SLANDER.

"Slander the worſt of poiſon, ever finds,
"An eaſy entrance in ignoble minds.

AMIDST the many vices with which the preſent age is contaminated, none appears of ſuch dangerous tendency as that of ſlander, and conſidering the univerſality of its ſway, none more deſerving the ſcourge of the moraliſt.

How often have innocence and virtue been trodden under foot by this moſt deteſtable of vices!—How often has the fate of a poor forlorn ſtranger been decided over a "cup of tea" or a "glaſs of wine!"—How often has the bud of genius been deſtroyed by the chilling froſts of cold diſdain! gracious God! Is it poſſible that a human being can be ſo far loſt to ſenſe and feeling!—Is it poſſible that any one can be pleaſed with ſuch ſavage brutality?—yes it is too true,—the manes of injured innocence, call loudly upon their calumniators, and it is high time that this lurking ſerpent ſhould be diſpelled from ſociety.

One fruitful ſource of vice, ariſes merely from an "idle, deſultory" turn of mind. If mankind would pay more attention to their own affairs and conduct, they perhaps would not find ſo much time to inveſtigate the characters and conduct of others. This claſs of ſociety conceive it beneath them to "think at all;" careleſs as to the embelliſhments of either mind or body, their chief delight is in "laughing from houſe to houſe" and decrying the characters of others, for ſuch is their envy and ſpleen, that they cannot endure the idea of others poſſeſſing virtues and qualifications which they themſelves were too idle to acquire, Happy would it be for mankind at large, as well as for the individuals themſelves, if, inſtead of this kind employment, they ſhould learn to ſtudy and converſe upon the uſeful. Nothing can be more inſipid and irkſome to a mind of ſenſibility, than to be obliged to hear the modern "teatable chat," which merely conſiſts of declamation, at the expence of ſome abſent perſon: miſrepreſentation and abuſe are the neceſſary accompliſhments, and you are conſidered as a ſtrange and ſevere kind of being, unleſs you can, not only contribute your quota, but alſo ſubſcribe to all they ſay, and ten to one but they will take the firſt opportunity to ſtrip you, and leave you as bare and naked of virtues as themſelves.

What ſuch characters can propoſe to themſelves, by ſuch a mode of conduct, I am at a loſs to determine; it certainly can be productive of no advantage, but on the contrary is a direct path to infamy and reproach, for however virtue may be cruſhed by their cruel and ungenerous conduct, yet ſhe cannot be totally overcome, and the time will certainly arrive when they will have reaſon to dread their riſing power; every virtuous mind will look upon them with diſdain, and like "proud Human" they will at laſt fall a juſt ſacrifice to their own devices.

The difficulty of forming a true judgment of the conduct of others, is a powerful argument againſt ſuch a practice. An action at firſt ſight may appear highly improper, and perhaps very criminal, yet may be very juſtifiable when all the circumſtances are known, and until the motives be aſcertained, we cannot poſſibly decide whether it be criminal or not, much leſs the degree of it.

It is alſo the moſt deſtructive as it relates to ſociety; it not only ſets individuals but families, ſtates, and even nations together by the ears.

There is no injury to which men can be ſubjected, that can hold any kind of compariſon with that his character may ſuſtain. "He that ſteals my purſe" (ſays the "immortal Bard") "ſteals traſh—but he that filches from me my good name, robs me of that which not enriches him, but makes me poor indeed." Indeed it is a crime that is almoſt unpardonable: reputation is a tender flower, and ſlow of growth; it is perhaps the toil of many years; and to have it blaſted in one hour by ſome unfeeling wretch!—at an evening's viſit! over a cup of tea or a glaſs of wine!—it is too much—bluſh ye unhuman brutes! behold ſenſibility weeping over the ruin you have occaſioned!—may the arrow of fell remorſe, leave the rankling venom in ſuch flinty hearts, may all the pangs they have occaſioned others, return with double torture to themſelves, and like the ſword of the "deſtroying angel," leave neither root nor branch of ſuch a tribe of gloomy aſſaſſins.

When alas, will the age of reaſon and philanthropy return!—when ſhall virtue raiſe her depreſſed head!—I weep, for.

"I am a man, and all calamities that touch
"Humanity, come home to me."

DESCRIPTION OF THE WALL WHICH SEPARATES TARTARY FROM CHINA, &c.

[From Lord MACARTNEY'S "Embaſſy to China."]

THE Wall which ſeparates China from Tartary, is the moſt ſtupendous work ever produced by man.—In the vicinity are cantonments for an army of conſiderable magnitude, at the extremity of which is a maſſy gateway of ſtone, defended by 2 iron doors, which guarded the paſs between countries formerly diſtinct. This wall, the pride of human labor, is ſuppoſed to be upwards of 1200 miles in length; its height varies according to the circumſtances of the ſurface.

Where one of us contrived to get to the top, it was 30 feet high, and about 24 broad. The foundation is laid on large ſquare ſtones; the ſuperſtructure is brick, the centre is a kind of mortar covered with flag-ſtone. A parapet, of no ordinary ſtrength, runs on each ſide of an embattled wall.

If we conſider that this immenſe fabric croſſes the wideſt rivers, on arches of proportionate ſize, or in the ſame form connects mountains together, occaſionally aſcending the higheſt hills, or deſcending the deepeſt vales, the moſt active powers of imagination will be requiſite to realize the effort of man! In every ſituation, however, the paſſage along it, is eaſy and uninterrupted, and it ſerves as a military way from one extremity of the empire to the other. At proper intervals there are ſtrong towers placed, whence ſignals are repeated, and any alarm may be communicated to the moſt diſtant parts of the empire with the expedition of the telegraphe.

But man and all his works are doomed to decay. Time has already laid its waſting hand on this celebrated monument of labor; and as it is now no longer neceſſary for ſecurity or defence, ſince the nations on both ſides acknowledge one ſovereign, it is more than probable that future travellers in ſome remote age— for it will exiſt for ages ſtill—may deſcribe its ruins, and pauſe while they contemplate the inſtability of ſublunary grandeur. Indeed in ſome place fragments have already tumbled down and others menace the plains yet once defended.

From the beſt account we receive, this wall has been built full 2000 years: nor can its traces be removed but with the conſum- mation of all things.

About ſeven miles from the great wall there is a mountain, which exhibit an additional proof of the indefatigable labors of the Chineſe, in works of public utility. A road 30 feet wide is cut through the ſolid rock; and to leſſen the declivity, it is ſunk no leſs that an hundred feet from the ſummit of the mountain. Yet ſtill the aſcent has a tremendous appearance, and without this vaſt labor it could not have been ſurmounted by man.

INGENIOUS STRATAGEM.

An American ſeaman that was impreſſed ſome time ſince, uſed the following ingenious ſtratagem, to evade being carried from the tender on board the man of war—On the night before preſſed men were to be removed, they ſcratched his hands, face and other parts of his body in ſuch a manner, as to fetch blood in ſeveral places; the next day when the preſſed men were getting into the boat, he took care to be the laſt, and juſt as he was going over the ſide, he thus addreſſed himſelf to the commanding officer:

I hope ſir, (ſaid he) I ſhall be put on board ſome ſhip where there is an extraordinary good ſurgeon, for it is my misfortune to have had a moſt inveterate *Itch* upon me for theſe ſome days, [at the ſame time ſhewing the marks on his face and hands,] and I fear if I have not particular care taken of me, I ſhall loſe my life, if not endanger the life of the whole ſhip's company. The officer after viewing him attentively, and curſing the preſs-gang for their ſtupidity in bringing ſuch a ſcabby fellow on board, ordered them to take the boat and ſet him aſhore immediately, as he would have nothing to do with him.

EXTRACT.

Happy the virtuous pair whom Love unites,
To bow where Hymen's ſacred altars flame;
Their noon of life ſhall witneſs pure delights
And its mild eve ſereneſt pleaſures claim.

BALTIMORE.

"JUVENIS."

ON Saturday laſt I obſerved in the Federal Gazette a production over the ſignature of "Juvenis;" I think it neceſſary in ſome meaſure to juſtify myſelf to my patrons againſt the remarks of this writer. Candid, I muſt acknowledge he is in his obſervations, and in ſome meaſure correct in his ideas. Happy ſhould I be if through life men would encounter me with ſuch frankneſs. However whilſt I admire the talents of the author, I cannot avoid lamenting that he withheld from me the productions of his genius. Had he accorded the productions of his pen to my publications, no doubt it would have emanated more intereſting, more pleaſing, more informing matter. Yet permit me to obſerve, that whilſt I accede to the juſtneſs of his remarks, I differ eſſentially from him in opinion. To check with becoming ſatire the foible of mankind is certainly meritorious; to expoſe the ridiculous cuſtoms of the world is highly commendable; but who will be ſo hardy as to deny that to inſtil into the heart the feelings of ſympathy; to moralize mankind by means of the pleaſing tale, to intereſt the mind of the reader with curious extracts, is not praiſworthy? As a vehicle for ſuch purpoſes was this Magazine intended—it arrogated no peculiar merit—it wiſhed no precedence among the works of the learned—it did not attempt to vie with an Addiſon, or the piercing ridicule of Moliere, it was intended as the repoſitory of the amuſing ſtory, the valuable communication, the intereſting eſſay and learned enquiry. It could not be expected from the terms that I could afford time to fill it with my own effuſions. The encouragement I received would not juſtify me in employing the *whole* of my time to it. My endeavours have kept pace with the patronage afforded.

I ſhall now conclude with a requeſt to "Juvenis" to diſſeminate his ideas through this medium, and an acknowledgement to my ſubſcribers for their indulgence.

JOHN B. COLVIN.

COMMUNICATION.

A ſong is now in circulation in this city, one of which accidentally fell into my hands the other day, entitled "Jefferſon, Columbia's Chief." It a very bad attempt at a parody, and the author deſerves hanging, for having ſo wantonly murdered common ſenſe.

[The fimplicity of the following Song, the popularity of its tune, and the circumftance of its having been written by "a flaxen-headed plow-boy" of Buchan, will procure it a ready perufal among the lovers of nature.]

TUNE—"HUMORS OF GLENN."

SOME fing of fweet Mally, fome fing of fair Nelly,
And fome call fweet Sufie the cauſe of their pain,
Some love to be jolly, fome love melancholy,
And fome love to fing of the Humors of Glen.
But my only fancy is my pretty Nancy,
In venting my paſſion I'll ſtrive to be plain,
I'll aſk no more treaſure, I'll ſeek no more pleaſure,
But thee, my dear Nancy, gin thou wert my ain.

Her beauty delights me, her kindneſs invites me,
Her pleaſant behavior is free from all ſtain,
Therefore, my ſweet jewel, O do not prove cruel,
Conſent my dear Nancy, and come be my ain.
Her carriage is comely, her language is homely,
Her dreſs is quite decent, when ta'en in the main,
She's blooming in feature, ſhe's handſome in ſtature,
My charming, dear Nancy, O wert thou my ain.

Like Phœbus adorning the fair ruddy morning,
Her bright eyes are ſparkling, her brows are ſerene,
Her yellow locks ſhining, in beauty combining,
My charming ſweet Nancy, wilt thou be my ain?
The whole of her face is with maidenly graces
Array'd like the gowands, that grow in yon glen,
She's well ſhap'd and ſlender, true hearted and tender,
My charming ſweet Nancy, O, wert thou my ain.

I'll ſeek thro' the nation for ſome habitation,
To ſhelter my jewel from cold, ſnow and rain,
With ſongs to my deary, I'll keep her ay cheery,
My charming ſweet Nancy, gin thou wert my ain.
I'll work at my calling, to furniſh thy dwelling
With every thing needful thy life to ſuſtain,
Thou ſhalt not ſit ſingle, but by a clear ingle,
I'll marrow thee, Nancy, when thou art my ain.

I'll make true affection the conſtant direction,
Of loving my Nancy while life doth remain;
Tho' youth will be waſting, true love ſhall be laſting,
My charming ſweet Nancy, gin thou wert my ain.
But what if my Nancy ſhould alter her fancy,
To favor another be forward and fain,
I will not compel her, but plainly I'll tell her,
Begone thou falſe Nancy, thou'ſe ne'er be my ain.

THE SLUT.

A LUCKLESS unpropitious hour
Once put me in a ſlattern's pow'r,
And that bleſt day which ſet me clear
I keep a feſtival each year.

When Luna full'd, and when ſhe chang'd,
Her face was waſh'd, her hair arrang'd.
Her clothes—upon my word and honor,
Were never PUT, but PITCH'D upon her:
They ſcorn'd a pin—ſo amply great'd
They'd cling wherever madam pleat'd.

Her cook'ry too! (ſome muſe aſſiſt
Or the great theme muſt be diſmiſs'd.)
A Hottentot would ſooner die
Than taſte her ſoup, or touch her pie.
Her roaſted pullets ne'er were drawn;
No pig could bear her black ſupawn:
And hungry Towſer turn'd away
From where her odious morſels lay.

Her rancid butter, rough with hair,
Forbad the leaſt inciſion there,
And the green animated cheeſe
Grew leſs by unperceived degrees.

Her ſauſages, if fry'd or boil'd,
Or roaſted, ſtew'd, or bak'd, or broil'd,
Maintain'd their bulk from day to day
And unattacked ſmoking lay.

No broom was in her manſion found,
But huge rough cobwebs hung around,
In wreaths and feſtoons widely ſpread,
The work of ſpiders long ſince dead.

To ſum her character in ſhort,
She liv'd raw, and ſhe liv'd on dirt.

Printed by J. B. COLVIN, *at* PECHIN's Printing-Office, *the* corner *of* Gay & Water-ſtreets—*where* Subſcriptions *for this* Magazine *are received at* THREE Dollars *per annum.*—*PRINTING of all kinds executed with neatneſs, elegance and dispatch—and on the* moſt *moderate terms.*